

Psal. terseptimus: Domine in virtute tua.



Thy Hallm' blessed David did make for himself & his peple two reioys at Gods allmightie power & mercy against his enemyes, but  
whom in ferbency of sprite did he zelously bow her sum dreadfull rewards for theyr mallis meet: ending his distre with hart  
prayer for continuauis of the same diuine power. But (as in du conferens it well apperz) how neer the fortune & dignitee of that  
Godly Prins and our sacred Soberain do ioyne: He King of Iury, Her highnes Queen of England: He the seaventh son of Iai, She  
(by name) the seaventh of my God. Thus (as it were) a certein alliauns between them: and matter of the Hallm' so aptly serbing,  
in Chy meter long a go compounded, her now reduced into seaven English Septenariez have we allso thearby to yeld God all dutifull thanks  
for our Quene's singular prudent gobernauns, eve to this pzeent Annuall Seaventeenth of November, the happy day of entrauns into her  
gracious Reins, and allso with all fru affectis we pray Gods mercy to bless her with many such yerly dai: whearby with all felicitie her high-  
nes in her unmatched & gracious god Regiment long ober us to Reins.

Ex Versione Io. Campensis.

1. Domine in fortitudine tua,  
Rex ut latatur?  
Et in salute tua, ut exultat  
præter modum?
2. Desiderium cordis dedisti ei, et petita  
labiorum non negavisti.
3. Nam bonorum liberalitate etiam  
prævertisti eum, et capiti eius  
auream Coronam imposuisti.
4. Vitam petiit à te, et dedisti ei longævam  
ætatem in sempiternum et ultra.
5. Immensa est gloria eius, sed per tuam  
opitulationem, honorem et splen-  
dorem posuisti super eum.
6. Sed et perpetua felicitate donabis  
eum, lætificabis eum lætitia vul-  
tus tui.
7. Rex enim sperat in Dominum et in  
altissimi bonitatem: hinc fit ut labi  
non possit.
8. Sentiant manum tuā omnes hostes tui,  
experiantur dexteram tuam Inimi-  
ci tui.
9. Incende eos velut clibanum in tem-  
pore indignationis tuæ:  
Domine in ira tua deglutiat ac devoret  
eos ignis.
10. Germen eorum de terra perde, et se-  
men eorum ex hominum numero.
11. Quoniam moliantur adversum te  
malum,  
Cogitant facinus quod non  
possunt.
12. Sed tu in fugam convertes eos, et ner-  
vo tuo in vultus eorum collima bis.
13. Evehere Domine cum fortitudine  
tua,  
Ut canamus et celebremus potentiam  
tuam.

1. O Lord thy Queen rebolbing in her mynde  
Thy power surmountyng all oother power so far  
Her self thearwith hooow ioyfull dooth she fynde:  
I. But at thy Heale so vanquish haunt in war  
Triumph she dooth, lifts it as hy as star:  
2. Her harts dezyre thooow gyvest her ioyfully,  
Her prayerz eak thooow doost not her deny.
3. Lord of thy bountypooous liberalitee,  
That hast her set in Sooveraintee supream,  
Blest her with thy gyfts of Principallitee,  
II. Made her the Queen of this thy nobl Ream,  
Croud her with a Monarchall diadeam:  
4. Lyfe hath she askt which Thooow most graciously,  
Hast graunted her in perpetuity.
5. Great is the glozy of her hy estate,  
But as thooow hast of meer benignitee,  
Abbove so mighty Kings her elevate,  
III. In honoz brightnes & famous dignitee,  
6. So shalt thooow make her blessed for too bee,  
With happines still in continuauis,  
And gladnes of thy ioyfull coountinauns.
7. Our Queen trusts in God and in the great boonty  
Of Thee most hy, Thooow Lord of Sea & Land:  
Thearfore slip can she not, but certainly  
IIII. 8. Thy foez & herz, shall feele & understand,  
The mighty power & strength of Thy right hand:  
They thearby forced (een maygree of their hart)  
Too be more quiet or els be made too smart.
9. Heat thooow them hot as furness is by fire,  
In time of thy most dreadfull indignation,  
Quell them with torments of thy wrathfull Ire,  
V. In vengeauns Lord without commizeracion,  
Flamez them devoour & spoil in cruell facion  
10. Theyr plants from earth shalt root vp, and agen,  
Destroy their offsprig for ever amoong men.
11. Against Thee & Her in damnable dezyre,  
One prank (amoong the rest) most execrable  
Alayd they in mallis, mischeef, swoord & fire, 1588  
VI. Which yet too acherbe (alas) they wear vnabl:  
What gat they by that practis detestabl:  
But slaughter & flight and most infamious shame,  
With a freating corzey perpetuall too their name.
12. Tiz thooow that makest them run awoy apace,  
Thy bowstring is it, that in a full despight,  
Terribly shall fyrst them at their very face:  
VII. 13. Abauns thy self O Lord God in thy might,  
So shall we sing all cheerfull in delight,  
Thy prais, thy glozy, and celebrate with all,  
Thy puissant power that Reins & ever shall.